

RvB: The Only One She Trusts

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Summary: Tex has been having nightmares for quite sometime. Church happens to be walking by her room while she's having one. Don't judge me because of a horrid summary. Tex/Church... Clearly.

RvB: The Only One She Trusts

\*\*So, uh, hey guys. I wrote this a while back and the ever lovely Aria Soul stole my laptop and read it. She went "Awww. Fluff!" and I was like "Dude! Don't read it! It proves that I have a soul!"  
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\*\*But, all joking aside, she convinced me to publish it. And she's the one who has watched all of the seasons of RvB so if I screwed something up - I BLAME ARIA!\*\*

\*\*EDIT: Thank you for reminding me that I neglected a disclaimer. I find this to be redundant, since clearly no one who owns these things are going to write fanfiction - but whatever. \*\*

\*\*I do not own Halo, Red Vs. Blue, Tex or Church. \*\*\*\*Thank you all~\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Tex was tossing and turning in her sleep. The nightmares were back, but they were moving too quickly for her to really make sense of. All that her slightly conscious mind could make of them was that they involved Church, that damned AI, and various weapons. It also usually involved her AI controlled body brutally murder Church while she helplessly watched.<p>

During her restless slumber, Church happened to walk by her door and notice that it was wide open. Knowing that it was out of habit for her door to be open at anytime, he stuck his head in. "Tex, you alright?" he asked, before seeing her curled up in a ball on the edge of her bed. Typical. They give her the largest bed they can find, yet

she can fit on a regulation bed and have loads of room left. He rolled his eyes; trying to clear out the conversation they had about the subject of bed size in what seemed to be another lifetime.

As he was about to walk out, he heard her whimper slightly in her sleep before turning over, curling back up in a ball. Nightmares, he concluded. She's having nightmares again. She had started having them not long after that damned AI had been implanted and they seem to have continued well into the present. Pity struck him and he sighed. "Tex, wake up," he said as he crossed the room.

He put his hand on her shoulder and shook her gently. "Tex, wake up, you're having another nightmare."

Somewhere within Tex's dream, she vaguely registered that she was being touched and her fist shot up.

Church dodged her fist with a string of profanities. "Good God, woman, you trying to kill me?" he asked.

Her eyes snapped open when she heard that. "NO! I'M NOT!" she shouted frantically, sitting up. "I DIDN'T DO IT, I SWEAR!"

"Tex, calm down," Church said, putting both hands on her shoulders and looking her in the eyes. "You were just dreaming again."

"I... I was..." she said, like she was trying to convince herself. He sat down beside her, his brown eyes gazing at her.

"You okay?" he asked. She shrugged and stared across the room. "Tex," he said, "look at me." She exhaled and continued to stare blankly. He could vaguely see the emotions flitting through her eyes, mostly fear. "Allison," he said gently, "please." She turned her head and flicked her eyes to his.

"What? What do you want?" she asked.

"I want to make sure you're okay. You don't just randomly punch people when you're asleep," he said.

Her eyes grew wide. "Did I punch you?" she asked.

"No, but you tried," he said. She hung her head.

"I'm so stupid," she muttered. "I should just leave my door shut and not fall asleep until everyone else has," she growled.

"What were they about?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "I don't remember." Not a total lie, most of the time they were fuzzy, but she knew very well what had been going on.

Church knew her well enough to know that the dreams were getting worse. When they had still been together, she hadn't flailed like that when they were together. He would have noticed. He did something highly out of character and pulled her closer to him, encasing her in his arms. "I can guess what they're about," he said. "Probably about something that damned AI did."

She was resting her head on his chest and nodded.

"It's all over now," he soothed. "It's gone. Everything is back to normal." She mumbled something that sounded like 'Not everything'. He arched an eyebrow and tilted her head up so he could look in her eyes.

He had caught every syllable she had uttered when she had mumbled, though. "Tex, it's as normal as it's going to get," he said.

"Oh really? Then why was I happier before? If this is normal, then normal sucks," she challenged.

"Define before," he said. "Before when we were still on Blood Gulch, or before this whole AI thing started."

"AI," she clarified. "I was actually happy back then."

"You were still a bitch," he said.

"And you're still an asshole," she said with a smirk. He rolled his eyes, trying to hide his smile. Somethings never changed. She was quiet for a moment. "Would you start over if you could?" she asked.

"And stop you from ever signing up for an AI? Hell fucking yeah," he said. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

"Do you think things would have been better, or would we have just broken up later?" she asked.

"I think things would have been better," he murmured. Her eyes opened again and she leaned over. Before he could ask her what she was doing, her lips met his. She pulled back a moment later, a sparkle in her green eyes.

Within seconds, she was pulled onto his lap and he pressed his lips to hers, opening his mouth and nipping at her lower lip. She opened hers and slid her tongue on his, knowing very well that it would drive him crazy - in the good way. And it did, because he wanted more. He slowly pulled her down with him as he lay back on her bed, and she trailed a few kisses down his neck and toward his sweet spot. He tangled his hand in her hair and ran his other down her back and under her shirt. But something dawned on him. "Allison," he said a tad breathlessly.

"Yeah?" she replied, looking up from his neck.

"Don't rush it," he said. "If we're starting over, we have a lot of ground to cover again." He had meant it as a joke but clearly...

She glared at him and he realized that he had just screwed everything up. The slight chance that he might get laid that night flew out the window. "Leonard, do you really want to go through the whole awkward first date phase again?" she asked.

"...Not really..." he replied.

"Then shut up," she said with a yawn. He gave her a look.

"I know exactly what you need," he said, sitting up and pulling off his shirt.

"Please, Leonard, as much as I would love to, I've gotten less than five hours of sleep over the past two weeks. I don't think I would really be of much use and - " Tex said, clearly missing the point.

"No, we can save that for another night," he said rolling his eyes as he lay back down on the far side of the bed. "C'mere," he said, holding out his arms. She gave him a confused look, but nonetheless crawled over to him. He threw the blanket over them and wrapped her in his arms, pressing her close. "Go to sleep," he commanded.

"But the nightmares - "

"What? Big old strong Church can't keep the nightmares away?" he asked, faking offense. "Well, if that's the case, then I'll just go to my room and - "

"No! Stay!" she said chuckled as she snuggled up beside him and placed a gentle kiss on his cheek. "Leonard... Thanks..." she said as she closed her eyes.

"Good night, Allison," he said as he kissed her forehead. Within minutes, they were both sound asleep.

And not one nightmare edged at her mind the entire night, so long as she was next to him.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>So yeah, that's it. It pains me to realize that I can write fluff. I'm a violent, bloodthirsty, witch who can't channel emotion. Hence, if you are reading this, you <em>will <em>review and tell me I need to stop writing fluff. Unless it was actually good. Then you should say something nice, or else I'll wrap you up in a taquito and eat you with hot sauce. Mmkayy?\*

\*\*Many thanks in advance! -The Narwhal Ninja\*\*

End  
file.